

CHARIVARIA.

IN their forecasts as to who would fill the various offices under the new Government, all the papers—and especially the Liberal ones, as an Irishman points out—made one curious omission. We refer to the Premier of Ireland (and adjacent islands)—Mr. W. REDMOND.

We think that, when there was a question of a change of Government, Lord ROSEBERY was quite right to keep himself before the public, but it is questionable whether he need have adopted such a drastic measure as being thrown out of a phaeton. He might have hurt himself.

The Royal Marines, it is stated, are to be withdrawn from our ships, and located on land. "His Majesty's Jollies" will not, we fancy, be averse to the change, for the treatment they generally received afloat was that of Snubmarines.

No system, we suppose, has ever been devised which has been found capable of meeting all requirements. An economical school-boy who wrote to the manager of *The Times* Library asking whether he could be supplied with a penny book of arithmetical tables subject to the discount as advertised, has, we hear, received no reply.

By-the-by, it is alleged that there is an American millionaire behind *The Times*. If this be true, it is a position in which an American very seldom finds himself.

At the fire which took place at Shrewsbury School last week, the boys assisted in saving some valuable books from the library. In this, according to our information, the lads showed a nice discrimination, Latin grammars, Euclids, and the like being allowed to burn.

Apparently regattas in Australia are as dangerous as football matches in America. *The Melbourne Herald*, a copy of which has just reached us, informs us that at the Henley-on-Yarra regatta "the river was thickly covered with pleasure boats, human hands, oil, steam and electricity being the motive power employed to drive the craft."

The announcement is made that a substitute for tobacco has been dis-

Owing to the practice of throwing stones at motor-cars, which has become very common in Berlin, many cars are now fitted with thin wire-netting to protect the windows, and there is a renewed outcry against those who interfere with the simple pleasures of the poor.

Snake-skin clothes are mentioned as a novelty by a contemporary. As a matter of fact they have been worn by snakes for years.

MADAME SA'RAH BERNHARDT, on leaving Quebec, was pelted with eggs by Canadians, who were indignant at her criticisms of their lack of culture. It seemed a queer way of trying to convince the gifted actress that she had made a mistake.

It has transpired that Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, who was at one time reputed to be a Scotchman, paid the cabman who drove him to Buckingham Palace in gold.

A Testimonial— But which way?

FROM the advertisement of Mr. MARTIN HARVEY'S engagement in *The Birmingham Evening Express*:—"During one of the most powerful scenes in *The Breed of the Treshams*, a gentleman left his seat in the dress circle and, staggering to the

bar, asked for a whisky-and-soda. Before it could be supplied he fell fainting to the floor, and it required considerable effort on the part of the attendants and his friends to bring him back to consciousness."

The Spread of Education.

SCENE—Hair-dresser's shop.

Little Girl. I wonder why it's called a rotary brush.

Hairdresser. I don't know, Miss. Perhaps because it stimulates the roots of the hair.



HUNTING IN HIS DREAMS.

(Lady singing takes a high note.)

M.F.H. (enjoying a post-prandial nap). "HARK TO DAIRYMAID! HUIO! HUIO! HUIO!"

covered. It was found, we imagine, inside a penny cigar.

The fact, elicited in the course of a trial last week, that the heartless fraud of pawning imitation gems is sometimes practised with success, has not called forth the outburst of public sympathy which the pawnbrokers expected.

The City Police propose to reduce the number of motor-omnibuses running through their territory, fearing that otherwise the motor-omnibuses may reduce the number of City Police.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

[DECEMBER 5.]

Two spectacles to-day invite compare,
 And each superb in its peculiar line :
 One is at Smithfield, one in Belgrave Square,
 At No. 29 :
 Here, the great C.-B., prime among his peers,
 Is busy probing warriors for the battle ;
 And there, the connoisseurs of sheep and steers
 Are propping fattened cattle.

May not a faint similitude be traced
 In these two shows that fill the London stage ?
 Both exhibitions equally are graced
 By Royal Patronage ;
 Each cast 's a bit above its normal size—
 Here swelling chests, and there a paunch distended,—
 And some have got a first or second prize,
 And some are just "commended."

For me, I own I draw a larger mirth
 From where the new-made Order ousts the old ;
 Oxen and swine may strain their tripled girth,
 Yet leave my marrow cold ;
 But, where the all-green Home Rule banner waves,
 And ROSEBURY'S Leaguers stand and blink thereunder,
 I have to let off steam in joyous staves,
 Or simply burst asunder.

Not for a decade have I felt so fat
 With human joy ; indeed there seems to be,
 Judging by jocund brows, this side and that,
 A general jubilee ;
 For these have pouched the booty, long their dream ;
 And those, that craved the sweets of Opposition,
 May cross their legs and watch the other team
 Work out its own perdition.

Give me, for two brief years—I ask no more—
 Beneath the new *régime* to live and laugh,
 And then, ere yet the thing becomes a bore,
 To tag its epitaph ;—
 And I'll not do as some ungenerous foes
 That stamp to-day upon the dead or stone 'em,
 But sing their virtues, letting silence close
 On all that isn't *bonum*. O. S.

THE POLITICAL SITUATION.

A HARMLESS mathematical reader has been endeavouring to propound a new theory of probability. The following are examples :—

$$C-B = P-R$$

reduced to simple terms reads :—

$$\text{Campbell} - \text{Bannerman} = \text{PREMIER.}$$

Again

$$C-B = P-R$$

reduced to simple terms reads

$$\text{Chamberlain} - \text{Balfour} = \text{PROTECTION} - \text{RETALIATION.}$$

Transposing these terms we get

$$B-C = R-P$$

$$= \text{Balfour minus Chamberlain} = \text{Retaliation minus Protection.}$$

Q. E. D.

FROM a Highland plumber's bill after the allaying of suspicions concerning the drains :—

"To man and boy looking for smell, 2s. 6d.

NATURE STUDIES.

DECEMBER FAIRIES.

THE other day, being in search of a lost and long-forgotten document, I came by chance upon a large and evidently an ancient box, which appeared, from the dust that lay upon it, to have passed many undisturbed years in the situation in which I found it. It was not locked, and I opened it. I need not make a list of all the frayed and musty and discoloured objects, fragments of things that had had their use and given pleasure long ago, which I discovered in it. But at last there appeared a certain something which, as it were with a shock and rattle, drew back the curtains of an old mystery and brought up a memory in a flash of light. What the Something was I shall say later. The memory I shall now relate :—

It was evening, about six o'clock, I fancy,—at any rate it was a good bit before bed-time, which in those remote days was fixed at seven. We were on the ground floor in the drawing-room, ROSAMOND, I and the baby. We were there because in a few minutes we were going to look out of the window and see fairies. We knew they were coming, because Papa had had a letter to that effect, and had read it out to us. Baby must have been two years old or a little more. She was bobbing about amongst the chairs and tables and us like a cork on the surface of the sea, never still for a moment. She simply wouldn't be left behind when there was any excitement—just insisted on going with us, and we had to take her whether we liked it or not. Mamma came in and said, "They'll be here soon. When you hear a bell ring you'll know they've come." Papa wasn't there; he never was when the fairies were expected. He said they were very shy and didn't like people who wore trousers. I thought this was very hard on him, and had told him I was sorry for him, but he said he must try to bear it. At any rate, he wasn't there.

Suddenly the light went out in the drawing-room, and ROSAMOND (whose age, I suppose, was four to my own five and a half) began to whimper. She never at any time really cried right out, but she stood still with her shoulders high up, and twisted her hands together and untwisted them, and her face seemed to crumple up into the queerest shape, and in a moment she had a bucketful of water in each eye. This was her way of crying. She was crying now, not because she was afraid of fairies, but because she was convinced that whenever it was dark in the drawing-room three ferocious bears began to live in it. Somebody (it may have been I—I suppose it must have been, because it certainly wasn't the baby, who paid no attention to ROSAMOND, and it wasn't Mamma, I'm sure) somebody told her not to be silly—and at that moment there was heard outside the tinkling sound of a bell, and baby fell down over a footstool with a loud bang and began to yell. She was picked up and soothed, and all this time the bell tinkled away like mad, as if it was very impatient. I can hear it still in my mind's ear: it sounded rather like the silver bell Mamma used to ring in the dining-room when she wanted JAMES to take our plates away. Anyhow, it was tinkling and tinkling, and at last Mamma drew up a blind and we made a rush for the window. Baby fell down again, but somebody picked her up and she got there first, making an awful chatter.

When we looked out through the window on to the lawn we saw—at least I saw, for ROSAMOND was still under the influence of imaginary bears—a wonderful sight. Three perfectly beautiful little fairies with lovely shining wings were dancing up and down and round and round, and curtsying and bobbing and flitting, and glancing and pirouetting as if they wanted us to admire their skill and beauty. I wished to call LIZZIE's attention to them—LIZZIE was our nurse and didn't really believe in fairies—but she wasn't there. Mamma said



REST, NOT RUST.

LORD CURZON. "UNARM . . . THE LONG DAY'S TASK IS DONE."

MR. PUNCH. "BETTER KEEP YOUR WEAPONS NEAR YOU, SIR. YOU MAY BE NEEDED AT ANY MOMENT."





Visitor. "I'M SO GLAD TO FIND YOU GOING ON SO NICELY, MRS. JENKINS! AND IS THIS THE DEAR LITTLE SOUL? I WOULD SO LOVE TO SEE HIM!"

Mrs. Jenkins. "LOR, NO, MUM! THAT'S MY 'USBAND TAKING HIS BIT O' REST. HE'S A POLICEMAN ON NIGHT DUTY."

[Quick exit, with promise to look in again.]

she was upstairs, and baby fell down again. By the time we had picked her up the fairies had vanished—all except one, who lay huddled on the ground. Somebody said, "Poor thing, she's broken her wing," and somebody else said, "But the fairy-doctor will mend it," and then the blind was drawn down, and when we peeped through the chink a moment afterwards the poor broken-winged fairy had vanished too. ROSAMOND said, "I don't want them to come back," and baby fell over the Dandie Dinmont dog, who yelped. At this moment Papa came rushing in (the lights had been turned up) and asked if he was too late, and I told him of course he was. He seemed to be very greatly disappointed, and said he never had any luck with fairies. There the memory ended

Now what I had found in the old box was nothing very rich or rare. It was this: on a layer of tattered nursery books lay three little dolls dressed in linen and muslin that had once been white. They were tied to a long piece of string, and there was a knot where the string had been broken between the first and second doll. I saw it all. Out of sight of the darkened window Papa had held one end of the string while LIZZIE held the other, and thus the fairies were made to bob and dance. Papa must have pulled too hard and broken the string, so that two fairies disappeared, while one fell down and remained lying. I wish I hadn't found the dolls. I preferred the fairies, if only because ROSAMOND has always maintained that she never saw any. But she can't go on maintaining that in face of the dolls. I must write and tell her about my find and confute her scepticism.

THE MEN THAT FOUGHT WITH DIZZY.

An echo of Mr. Kipling's "Men that fought at Minden."

THE men that fought with DIZZY, in the grand old Tory times,
And them that fought with SALISBURY yesterday,—
They didn't shirk the fight, for they held together tight,
And they learnt to play the game and to obey.

The men that fought with DIZZY, they were smartly disciplined,
And they had to lump the things they didn't like;
But they didn't effervesce in the columns of the Press,
And they didn't let the Party go on strike.

The men that fought with DIZZY, they were fanciful, maybe,
And some of them had funny little fads;
But they closed their ranks and cheered when the enemy
appeared,
And they left the petty squabbling to the Rads.

The men that fought with DIZZY, they had quarrels now and then,
But they dropped 'em when they heard the bugle blow;
And it wasn't *then* they sparred, for they hit uncommon hard
When they got to striking distance of the foe.

The men that fought with DIZZY, they were swift to realise
That a disunited force is always beat;
And *that's* the reason why, now Election times are nigh,
You must set the good old Party on her feet.

THE NEW INDUSTRY FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.—Cabinet-making.

-A NEW PROFESSION.

THE question of "What to do with our sons" is one of those ever present conundrums, which can only be solved by time or *The Daily Telegraph*. Doubtless in the near future, the proprietors of that Journal will turn their attention to this most pressing of problems; but until that fortunate hour arrives, parents and guardians will still be faced with the difficulty of providing suitable careers for those committed to their charge. Under these circumstances we feel that it would not be out of place to draw attention to the great advantages attached to the vocation of a Champion Wrestler. For an ambitious young man of gentle birth, good appearance, and sound health, it would be difficult to find a more agreeable profession. The demand for champion wrestlers is greatly in excess of the supply; and the work itself is healthy, honourable, and lucrative. The most conclusive evidence can be brought in support of these statements.

To start with, there are more than 3,000 places of variety entertainment in the United Kingdom, for each of which the presence of an "Undefeated Champion of the World" is an absolute necessity. It is roughly calculated that, at the present time, there are not more than fifty-six wrestlers who can lay claim to the above distinction. That the work is healthy is incontestably proved by the fact that scarcely one of these fifty-six wrestlers has ever refused a challenge or been defeated by an opponent, which speaks for the remarkable state of physical perfection in which they must invariably find themselves. A glance at the police records for the last five years will show that the honour of the profession is practically unstained; while a salary of £300 a week is the usual remuneration for a music-hall engagement. To anyone doubting this last assertion, we are willing to forward, free of charge, a copy of *Footlight Flashes*, containing an interview with "a well-known music-hall comedian." The above statement was made by him to a representative of that journal.

Under the supervision of Mr. ISAAC ISAACSTEIN, "The Horrible Hebrew," late Champion of the World, an Academy of Wrestling has recently been opened in South Kensington, where, for the modest outlay of a guinea a week, a young man may be trained in every branch of the profession. Two years' tuition is all that is necessary for the creation of a fully qualified champion of the world; and an engagement is guaranteed to each pupil who successfully survives that period. The permanent staff of instructors includes the well-known ANTONIO CHUCKEMOFF, "The Awful Armenian,"

sixteen-stone champion of the world, and his famous nephew, CONSTANTINE CHUCKEMOFF, "The Monstrous Macedonian," 2 cwt. champion of the world. Novices are under the special care of M. HENRI BOULEVERSER, "The Frightful Frenchman."

Special attention should be drawn to the Literary Department, presided over by Mr. CZECHORY PESTHELENSKI, "The Brilliant Bohemian," who has been engaged to give instructions in the difficult art of writing challenges, one of the most important and onerous duties in a professional wrestler's career. The capacity to make a tasteful and dignified speech at the successful conclusion of a match being also more or less of a necessity, permission has been secured for all pupils to have free access to the Strangers' Gallery whenever Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL is addressing the House.

There is an excellent hospital and a charming little graveyard in connection with the Academy; all funerals being carried out with luxury and elegance at the expense of the management.

PLASTIC.

["Lovely woman has found an alternative to the camera. She has discovered that she can be modelled in wax, which is tinted according to the colouring of the individual."—*The World*.]

I HAVE my lady's head in wax,
A thing it is of wondrous glory,
No single point of her it lacks—
Of all the thrilling inventory.

The full round cheeks of her are there,
The dimples in them slyly hinted,
Her high, smooth forehead, and her hair—
All modelled and superbly tinted.

I have, of course, her photo, too,
But that is now unheeded lying—
A photo gives but just one view,
And one view's scarcely satisfying.

The model, on the other hand,
Provides me endless variation—
The front face irks? I twist the stand:
The profile soothes my irritation.

The profile bores me? I recall
The living head's divine completeness,
And turn the face against the wall
To revel in the coiffure's neatness.

Then, if my passion should expire,
A photo has no use without it;
I can but put it in the fire,
And when it's burnt forget about it.

Whereas the model, melted down,
And dabbed on deftly with a duster,
Will give my meerschaum's golden brown
A wholly novel lease of lustre.

SIR GARGLE.

(A Study in the New Advertising.)

SEE THE PLETHORA MAGAZINE.
CHRISTMAS TREBLE NUMBER.

Too much of everything.

SIR GARGLE.

By SIR A. SALA DOYLE.

The Middle Ages brought to our doors.

SIR GARGLE.

A good pull-up for manacles.

SIR GARGLE.

Matchless for the complexion.

SIR GARGLE.

Babies cry for it.

SIR GARGLE.

Portcullises on easy terms.

SIR GARGLE.

Book early.

SIR GARGLE.

See that hump? SIR GARGLE will dissipate it.

SIR GARGLE.

For the dignity of letters.

SIR GARGLE.

Good wine needs a forest of bushes.

SIR GARGLE.

This way for the milky cocoa-nuts!

SIR GARGLE.

Sir A. SALA DOYLE says it is his best work.

SIR GARGLE.

No others need apply.

SIR GARGLE.

Where's your WALTER SCOTT noo?

SIR GARGLE.

Try it in your bath.

SIR GARGLE.

By SIR A. SALA DOYLE.

"Ods bodkins, varlet, I'll dust thy jerkin for thee and give thee a ruddy scone to boot, quotha," said he. "Nay," said the other, "marry but there are two to such bargains, forsooth! But what have we here? Of a verity 'tis a franklin and a scrivener, to say naught of a fat monk and a wheezy seneschal. What ho, there!"

The above is a sample passage from SIR GARGLE, Sir A. SALA DOYLE's new and sumptuous romance, offered free. For first chapter complete see the Christmas Treble Number of the *Plethora Magazine*.

SIR GARGLE.

By SIR A. SALA DOYLE.

Note the name on the label.

None others genuine.

THE PLETHORA MAGAZINE.
CHRISTMAS TREBLE NUMBER.



Violinist (one of trio of amateurs who have just obliged with rather lengthy performance). "WELL, WE'VE LEFT OFF AT LAST!"
Hostess. "THANK YOU SO MUCH!"

THE DOOR-SLIDER.

(By the author of "The Straphanger.")

I AM the door-slider.

I slide open the doors of the long red cars, the long red cars that pitch and pulse, clatter and rattle.

I slide open six doors: two doors to give entrance, two doors to give exit, two doors to prevent a corridor-car being a corridor-car.

I slide open six doors, I say, but if I can possibly forget one or two, I do. I believe in the Simple Life.

I do not doubt that I am overburdened with sliding doors, nor that the cars are overcrowded; in vain I try to think how overcrowded.

I do not doubt that people will go out by the entrance doors and come in by the exit doors, nor that the straphangers will oscillate.

I tell the people with first-class tickets they may ride in a first-class car.

I tell the people with third-class tickets they may not. They do, but I tell them they may not.

I say to them, "First-class only in this car," and they enter and sit down.

I do not doubt that one day they will make a mistake and get into a third-class car.

I am the door-slider.

I ring a bell, slide the doors and call out the name of the next station as a signal for the train to start. (The train remains motionless.)

I fall over when the train does start, the train that is so abrupt, so impulsive, so sudden in its motions.

I do not tell by the stations when the train will stop, for we frequently stop in the tunnels. Often, I think, we are not sure of the way, we hesitate so.

I tell when we shall stop by the angle to which the passengers are brought.

I do not doubt that when the passengers are slewed violently forward the train is beginning to stop.

I do not doubt that when the passengers are slewed violently backward the train has stopped stopping.

I do not doubt that a few will be jerked off their feet. (The strapless ones, I mean.)

I am the door-slider, the bell-ringer, the station-teller, the passenger-packer.

(Mine is one car in a million and a million in one car.)

I see the crowded, the crushed, the jerked, the shamefully-mauled.

I see their measureless shame and

humiliation, their indignation and fume-emitted anger.

I do not doubt that this sort of thing cannot last, that a better system will be organised, that somehow I shall obtain more hands or fewer doors, the cars more seats and fewer straps, the system more honour and no less profit.

"Let Youth tut Kaow."

First School Boy (reading a placard). I say, the KING's sent for C. B.

Second School Boy (also in the Eleven.) Good old FRY!

Overheard at a Motor Meeting.

Inquirer. I wonder what they call those large, long cars?

Well-informed Friend. Those? Oh, I believe those are the Flying Kilometres, a French make.

A Reasonable Request.

WANTED, a quantity of Ladies' Tongues, bound by the binding machine. Write, &c.—Northampton Chronicle.

WHY is the Premiership like an old song?

Because it's "Not for Joe."

SOME ACTING AND MUCH TALKING.

SUCH play-goers as may be interested in the artistic progress of Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT should take care to be at the Comedy Theatre by 8.30 sharp in order to see an effective and interesting "costume" piece, in one Act, by Messrs. OSBOURNE and STRONG, entitled *The Little Father of the Wilderness*. In this, as *Père Marlotte*, a missionary, Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT shows himself a genuinely dramatic artist. He plays without the slightest exaggeration, with a remarkable absence of self-consciousness, and the naïve simplicity with which he invests the character, commands our tenderest sympathy, and gives real dignity to the person of the humble priest. It is a fine performance, but in it, and in the piece itself, there is a glaring error which the authors should never have perpetrated, and which it is marvellous that so experienced a stage manager as Mr. DION BOUCAULT should ever for one minute have permitted. It is this. Here are two poor simple, religious clerics, a missionary and a Franciscan friar, summoned to Court; and in an ante-chamber of the Palace at Versailles, these two, actually trembling at the mere idea of their being about to be received in audience by King LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH, suddenly, when alone, play at pretending to be the King and *Père Marlotte*, and rehearse the scene twice over as they think it will be in reality! Both in turn occupy the King's chair; both in turn enact the part of his Majesty; the friar at one time representing *Père Marlotte*.

This extravagant situation would be fatal to the serious character of the piece, were it not that we hasten to forget it on the arrival of the Court, and are assisted in doing so by the thoroughly good acting of Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE as the King, by Miss ADA WEBSTER as *Henriette*, by the soldier-like bearing of Mr. CHARLES BRYANT as the *Chevalier de Frontenac*, and by the telling effect of the *ensemble*, admirably arranged by stage-manager BOUCAULT, that brings down the curtain to the heartiest applause. Certainly this is a piece to see, and it may be hoped that Mr. HUNTLEY WRIGHT will, at some future time, show us what he can do in comedy-dramas of the kind that offered opportunities for the development of "Little Robson's" eccentric genius. At all events, let him eschew such utterly nonsensical business as he gives us in *The Mountain Climber*, a three-Act farce that would not go for much were it not for the delightful humour of Miss LOTTIE VENNE as the hero's wife, *Mrs. Montague Sibsey*.

Now for a *matinée* at The Court, where Mr. BERNARD SHAW's case comes on at 2.30 P.M. He describes it as "A Discussion." As such we will take it. It is illustrated by living figures, occasionally changing their attitudes, forming tableaux, and listening with the greatest attention to whatever harangue may be in progress, delivered by the principal character, or occasionally joining in and taking part in the conversational "discussion." Play it is not, nor was it by Mr. SHAW ever intended to be, although he divides it into "Acts and scenes." This would seem inconsistent, were it not that such division is equally applicable to a Session of Parliament, accountable for its "acts," and memorable for such "scenes" as may have taken place within the precincts of the House.

Well, *Major Barbara*,—such is the title of the "discussion" (which is "much ado about nothing,"—only not SHAKESPEARE'S)—consists of dialogue, without action, beginning brilliantly, descending melodramatically, and finishing, not dully—it is never that,—but fatiguingly; so that only a few, of those who were evidently among Mr. SHAW's most enthusiastic supporters in that crowded audience, had sufficient energy left in them to applaud at the fall of the curtain.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, if he may be judged by this "discussion," is our English IBSEN, or more correctly, perhaps, IBSEN Junior.

At this "IBSEN Junior" *matinée*, the female element in the audience preponderated over the inferior sex by something like twelve to one, but of course such an excess might be expected during the business hours of the day "when men must work" and women may go to the play. But this audience had not a theatre-going, but rather a lecture-going, sermon-loving appearance. It was difficult to tire them out, but they did become wearied: they forgave the extra half-hour of weariness in the last scene of all, for the sake of the inspiring and sometimes even enlivening (for there is ultra farce and burlesque too in this "discussion") episodes in the preceding Acts.

Welcome indeed was the "comic relief" so cleverly given by Mr. GRANVILLE BARKER as *Adolphus Cusins*, Greek Professor and Fellow of some university, throughout the "discussion," and most gratefully was received his burlesque performance on the Salvation Army's drum; while for his energetic waving of the drumsticks everyone was distinctly thankful. He contributed largely in successfully "curtaining" the Second Act, and he lightened up the First Act much as the old humbug *Aminadab Sleek* used to enliven the *séance* in the First Act of *The Serious Family*, which situation, by the way, Mr. SHAW's "Discussive" Act I. will forcibly recall to some experienced playgoers; while Miss ROSINA FILIPPI's clever representation of *Lady Britomart Undershaft* may remind them of the severe female head of the family in the same piece. Then again, the entrance of *Andrew Undershaft*, a character strongly contrasted with everyone else of the *dramatis personæ*, in its way resembles the unexpected arrival of *Captain Maguire*, who contrives to disarrange "The Serious Family" and finally sets everything to rights.

Mr. LOUIS CALVERT as *Andrew Undershaft* deserves the highest praise. As an actor he must have had to go to any "lengths" in studying this prodigious part. When in MS., or in type, it must have inconveniently bulged out his pocket, and how he got it all into his head is a marvel which has probably surprised the actor himself. His performance is artistically perfect. He has nothing to do, but a lot to say; indeed, it may be doubted whether *Puff*, in the original version of *The Critic*, has so much, and *Hamlet* himself cannot have more. He talks when the "discussion" is practically over; and actors and actresses have to remain, mumchance, on the stage for about half an hour after all their work is done, simply (very simply) to listen to the pointless preaching of *Andrew Undershaft*; and during his tedious discourse (or sermon) they are allowed to throw in an occasional remark, which just serves, as does a match to an expiring coal fire, to set the preacher going again. Oh that this ability should be wasted on such interminability! Oh that this too, too solid talk would melt, thaw, and dissolve itself in five minutes, instead of weighing upon even the most Ibsenitish-Shawish audience for an extra half-hour.

Miss ANNIE RUSSELL as *Barbara*, the protagonist, is simply perfection. Mr. OSWALD YORKE gives us a life-like rendering of *Bill Walker*, the low, bullying blackguard; and *Snobby Price*, the sneaking hypocrite who gammons the Salvation officers, is strikingly impersonated by Mr. ARTHUR LACEBY. Mr. DAWSON MILWARD makes a most amusing character of *Charles Lomax*, and this is "where the laugh comes in." In fact, all who get the slightest chance do their very best to give this "discussion" the semblance of a real play, and the VEDRENNE-BARKER management is to be honestly congratulated on its choice of accomplished actors, and on its possession of a stage-manager, Mr. WILFRID FRANKS, who triumphs over the great difficulty of keeping principals on the stage doing absolutely nothing at all, veritably the "unemployed," merely "feeding" the monologist so that he may start afresh, and go on until even the author himself has got tired of him. N.B.—The "discussion" is now being given at the evening show.



A CAPITAL METHOD OF PREVENTING YOUR BEING RUN INTO IN A DENSE FOG IS SAID TO BE TO CARRY A LOUD MOTOR-HORN, AND TO SOUND IT EVERY FEW SECONDS AS YOU WALK ALONG.

JEAN AND JINE.

ELIZA JINE of Stepney, E.,
Taught in a school of the L.C.C.,
And in the self-same school as she
Was JEAN McCORQUADALE from Dundee.

JEAN and JINE soon came to be
Friends and capital company.
Their cultured tastes were as like, you see,
As a couple of plums from the same plum tree.
They asked each other in to tea,
They worked together at rule of three,
They analysed *Hamlet's* speech "To be,"
And parsed each word of GRAY's *Elegy*.
They nature-studied the household flea,
The French French bean and the sweet sweet pea,
And it goes without saying they held the key
Of ancient and modern philosophy,
For JINE said, "PLATO's the man for me,"
But JEAN said, "HEGSEL maun bear the gree."
In short, it was clear that Stepney, E.,
Was hand in glove with fair Dundee.

Alas, that our joys should begin to flee
As the sum of our knowledge increases and we
With clearer vision begin to see!
It suddenly dawned on JINE that she,
Who spoke the purest of Stepney, E.,
Was catching the accent of vile Dundee:

While JEAN was alarmed, as she well might be,
Lest the beautiful flow of her pure Dundee
Should be fouled by the mixture of Stepney, E.

In a very short time, by Fate's decree,
Their love grew as cold as the Polar Sea.
When JEAN was invited by JINE to tea
She much regretted she was not free,
As she had to analyse *Annabel Lee*.
And when JINE was asked to a similar spree
She concocted an equally flimsy plea.

And now these two, though their tastes agree,
When they meet in the street or a B.T.T.,
Just stare at each other stonily:
And JEAN wishes JINE in the Zuyder Zee,
And JINE that JEAN were in—well, Fiji;
For JINE is scared at the thought that she
Should catch the accent of vile Dundee,
While JEAN is alarmed, as she well may be,
At the prospect of talking like Stepney, E.

All Blacks all forlorn.

Irishman (on hearing of the high prices offered for tickets for a recent big football match). Sure, thin, everybody'll be after sellin' their tickets and it's nobody there at all there'll be!

AN IRRESISTIBLE INVITATION (on the door of a city restaurant).—"Please knock the bell out of order."



"LIKE MASTER LIKE MAN."

Unsuccessful Exhibitor. "TOO FAT, EH? WELL, THEY MAY SAY WHAT THEY LIKE, I LIKE 'EM FAT!"

CHRISTMAS POSTAL GUIDE.

CHRISTMAS Day, as in last year, falls on the 25th of the month, but letters and parcels which are intended for delivery in foreign countries or the colonies on Christmas morning, should be posted before that date.

Stamps for foreign countries are issued at all Post Offices, and are very similar to those used for Inland postage. They are now being supplied in perforated sheets, and the prices will be found to suit all purses, varying, of course, according to the special design and colouring desired.

Parcels and letter-packets for abroad should, if possible, be legibly addressed on the *outside*. This method, it has been found, greatly reduces the labour of the officials, and goes a long way towards securing ultimate delivery.

Plum-puddings concealed in half-penny newspapers cannot be accepted for transmission at newspaper rates. They may, however, be packed flat, and sent by book post, if left open at each end, or in an envelope which can be easily opened for examination without breaking the seal.

Turkeys must on no account be dropped into the pillar-boxes. They should be handed over the counter to an

agent of the Post Office, together with a certificate of death, and they must contain no printed or typewritten matter.

The following articles cannot in any circumstances be accepted for transmission by Parcels Post,—viz. Bombs, Live Rails, Boa Constrictors, Naked Lights, or Plays by Mr. G. BERNARD SHAW.

Parcels addressed "— P. O. till called for" are charged at the rate of 1d. per day. Fresh eggs, however, and other perishable goods, if not claimed within thirty-six days, will be sold to defray expenses.

THE WINTER HAT.

Will purple or blue be its feathers?

A "*cocher*," "three-cornered," or "*toque*?"

Will it do just as well for all weathers?

Will it "go with" a jacket or cloak?

Will the "*fall*" that encumbers the neck be

More awkward or easy to fix?

Will the total amount of the cheque be

Five guineas or fourteen-and-six?

On the mutable mind that is making

The purchase, we cannot rely:

This only is certain—it's taking

Three hours and a quarter to buy!

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is, we learn, bearing up well under the terrible shock consequent on his not being asked to form a Ministry.

Asked by our representative to state his views in regard to the situation, Lord HALSBURY replied, "It isn't the confounded situation, but the want of a situation, that bothers me."

The dulness of the new Parliament is assured. Mr. J. L. WANKLYN announces that he will not seek re-election.

It is rumoured that a Liberal M.P. has been discovered whose name was not mentioned in connection with any of the Ministerial offices.

Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, remembering a recent hostile demonstration, is said to have decided for a battle-cry upon "Every vote given to the Liberals is a vote given to the boo-ers."

TRUTH WILL OUT.—From a recent examination paper on religious instruction at a boys' school:—"Holy matrimony is a divine institution for the provocation of mankind."



AT LAST.

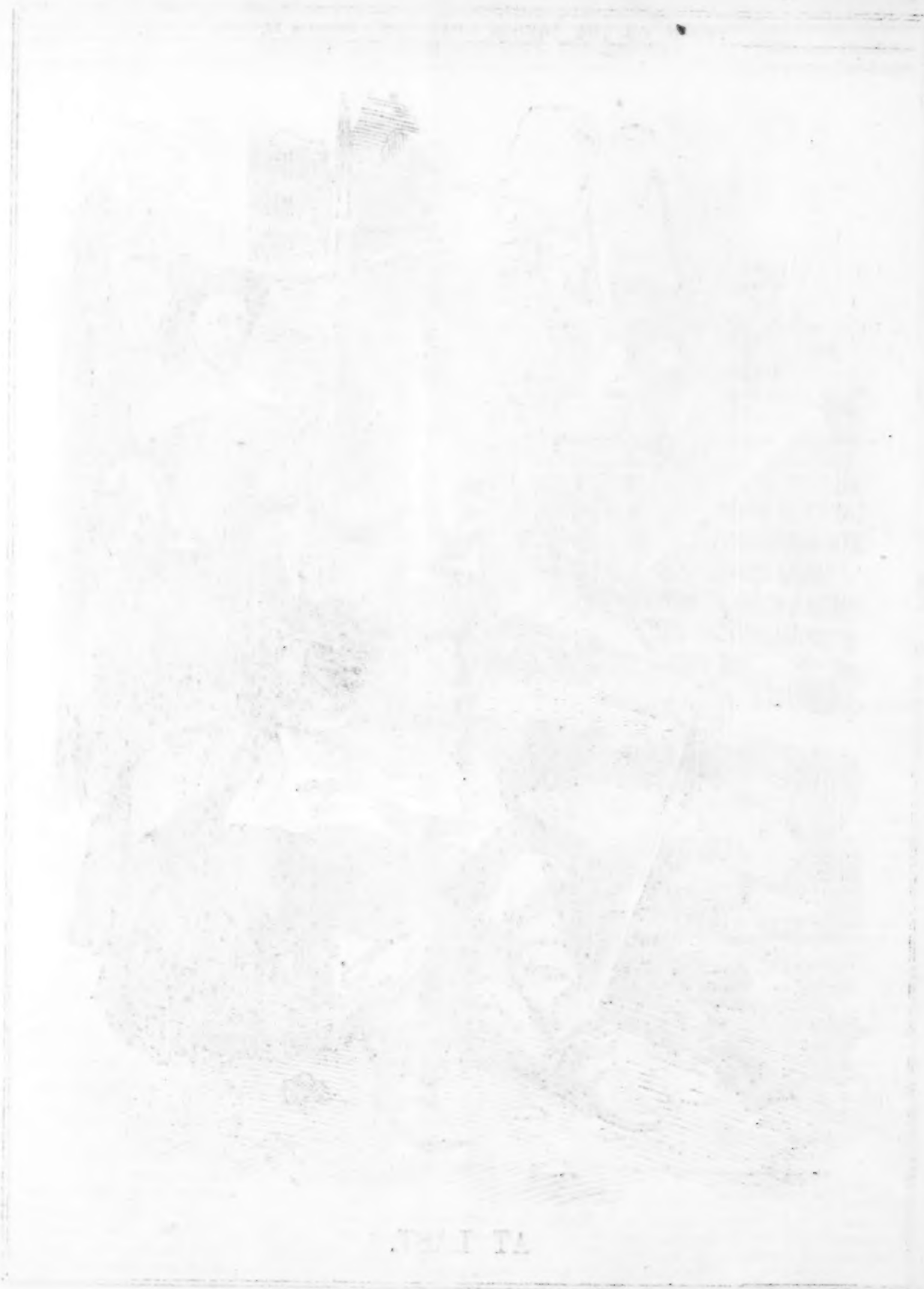


PLATE I



PROVERBS REVISED.

"THINGS ARE SOMETIMES WHAT THEY SEEM."

Short-sighted M.H. "CONFOUND YOU, SIR, WHY DON'T YOU TELL US WHERE THE HARE HAS GONE, INSTEAD OF STANDING THERE HOLDING UP YOUR HAT LIKE A BEASTLY SCARE-CROW!"

THE C.B. ANALOGY.

It is conjectured that on the accession of Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN a strong wave of double-nomenclature will sweep over the country. The following styles are recommended:—

For a Conqueror.
CROMWELL-TAMERLANE.
For an Athlete.
DUMBBELL-SANDOWMAN.
For a Burglar.
TREMBLE-JIMMYMAN.
For a Glutton.
SCRAMBLE-INNERMAN.
For a Critic.
GRUMBLE-DAMNAMAN.

For a Poor Relation.
HUMBLE-STAMMERMAN.
For a Bridge-player.
GAMBLE-SLAMAMAN.
For a Dentist.
GUMBOIL-JAMAMAN.
For a Sultan.
STAMBOUL-CRAMMERMAN.

An Exacting Wooer.

MATRIMONY.—Gentleman, 40, with attractive home, good income, would like to make the acquaintance of a Lady, about 30-32, with full-faced features preferred, &c., &c.—*Yorkshire Post*.

No profiles need apply.

A Tempting Invitation.

(N.B.—Not at Letchworth.)

CALL AND SEE THE NEW COTTAGE SINK.
J. BLANK, BUILDER.

Macclesfield Courier.

It's never too late to Mend.

PHYSICAL-HEALTH CULTURE

"CREMATION."
Lantern Lecture by
Mr. J. HARVEY-SIMPSON,
of the Manchester Crematorium,
at &c., &c.

Manchester Evening News.

TO A DISUSED GROWLER.

[“A hundred years have now elapsed since the first public conveyance commenced to ply for hire in the streets of London.”]

WHAT do you here, old friend,
Prone on the scrap-heap's comprehensive limbo,
With ribs all ghastly bare, and spokes akimbo?
Is this a fitting end
For you whose charms have held our hearts in thrall
Since 1805—one hundred years in all?

Oh, in those days of old,
With what a pomp and circumstance you joggled
Down Regent Street, and how the people boggled
At your incongruous mould:
Voicing an admiration past all bounds
With cries of “La now!” or (more tersely) “Zounds!”

And oh! with what a zest
The local youth essayed the pungent quip,
And when required to stow their blistering lip
Simply pursued the jest.
How blithe you bounded down the public way
With ne'er a constable to say you nay!

How well I seem to see
Some festive party pent in your inside!
The stout mamma, inflate with anxious pride,
Dressed to the nines—and he,
The prosperous cit, his whiskers all awry,
Quizzing the vulgar throng with nonchalant eye.

And sandwiched in between,
The buxom KATE, the stately JANE, and may be
Their aunt JEMIMA, and of course the baby,
And TOMMY, brushed and clean.
I might enlarge upon the theme, but I've
Mislaid the “atmosphere” of 1805.

Alas! for you are gone,
Capacious growler, and the panting steed,
Fleet in his prime, but slightly run to seed,
That drew you gently on,
Has passed to where the Brunswicker decoys
All flesh into his toothsome saveloys.

He was a gentle nag;
His master loved him though he called him names,
The children loved him too and called him JAMES.

He was besides a wag,
Spurning with ribald tail and well-bred grin
The strictures of the explosive fare within.

And what of that old bird,
Whose ill-kempt lid and pessimistic air
Concealed a thirst for twice his proper fare,
Whose virile utterance stirred
Qualms in the breasts of matron and of maid
Should he (with matchless eloquence) upbraid.

Say, is he still alive,
Who lately drove thee, and is he the same
Methuselah of whom the youths made game,
Early in 1805?
Had he, as local humorists maintain,
Observed a dozen decades wax and wane?

Alas! he's dead as you.
Yet 'twas not age cut short his fair young life,
But competition's all-pervading strife,
From which his soul withdrew.
“Dog's nose” and disappointment laid him low
At the ripe age of six score years or so.

The engines of offence
That roar and rumble down the busy street,
Noisy and odorous but passing fleet,
Hurt his artistic sense.
And so he left us, but his memory dear
Wrings from moist eyes the sympathetic tear.

Quaint vehicle, good bye.
You have no part in such a feverish age:
Time in the book of Progress turns a page,
And you are history!
New monsters petrol-driven roar and rave
A thunderous dirge above your restless grave.

GIFTS AND GIVERS.

(With acknowledgments to “The Daily Express.”)

THERE are signs on all hands that this Christmas, in the matter of presents, will be remarkable chiefly for the introduction of the “personal note.” Silver hot-water bottles with jewelled screw-tops are warm favourites with smart women, as gifts for their men friends. A few daring girls, it is said, are even working spun-silk “Slumber Slippers” with dainty clocks appliquéd in ormolu.

Motor accessories make exceedingly useful presents, and there is a great demand for artistic novelties in sparking-plugs, differential casings, gear-boxes, radiators, ignition-levers, &c. It is just as well, however, to find out if the intended recipient is the possessor of a car before sending any of the above, as if not they merely become “Accessories before the fact.”

For those who prefer their gifts to take the form of books, there are this year ample opportunities. Everyone can be his own CARNEGIE for a trifling sum. All you have to do is to pay the preliminary half-crown, and a complete library of sixteen handsome volumes—not to mention the inevitable fumed-oak bookcase—will be delivered carriage paid to any address. Your friend would be a churlish fellow indeed if he resented having to pay the remaining monthly instalments—but that is his affair!

Of course a certain amount of tact and discretion is required in the selection of gifts.

For instance, to send your aged uncle (from whom you have, perhaps, expectations) a copy of *The Gollypug of What*, or *Our Moo Cow Book*, would savour almost of disrespect, and again you would certainly get yourself disliked if you presented your little four-year-old niece with MAHAFFY'S *Progress of Hellenism in Alexander's Empire*—however tastefully bound. Remember also that Brazil is well supplied with nuts (that being, in fact, the country whence they come), and that ordinary coal is not now looked upon as a novelty in Newcastle.

Do they do him?

(Extract from “Vanity Fair's” *Navy Notes*, December 7, 1905.)

“THE fact is that since the introduction of nucleus crews, the three Lieutenants, the Marine Officer, and the Commander lie in port with nothing to do in the afternoon, except the Officer of the Day.”

More Commercial Candour.

(From the Circular of a Leicester chocolate maker.)

“WE guarantee all our Chocolates freshly made and direct from our factory. We solicit a trial and have no fear of giving satisfaction.”

NO ALTERATION.—Up to last Friday it was expected, in Holborn, that “Gray's Inn” would have to be changed to “GREY's Out.”

THE TABLETS OF AZIT-TIGLETH-MĪPHANSI, THE SCRIBE.



TWENTIETH FRAGMENT.

1. In the fifth year of the reign of Edwád the king
2. the maker of treaties with Ispal-Mutsuhito
3. (the Jappi-mikadoh) and Sher-Émil (—that's Loubet),
4. lord of Madjik-bonommi, a
5. *nashun-al-assett*,
6. the taker of prizes for
7. *adhipoz-kattul* (at the *rhoilagrik-ul-tural* hall
8. at Islintan) for *plethorikh-stertoruz* objects
9. like sofas, that lay on the ground triumphant but
10. breathless, all richly *rozettid*; . . .
11. in the days of the Mhoturz, when the *Shofurzin-gogulz*
12. the turners of handles, and their lords
13. the Bit-munnid, the Bit-uppish, the *Ueltuddu-klassiz*,
14. the payers of fines, did scour
15. the country; in the dust did they come and
16. the *ódurov-petrol* was *purfekli-sikknin*,
17. while the farers on foot, the holders
18. of noses, the payers of rates for maintaining the
19. highways, *skedaduld-laikr-abbits*,
20. did rush into *héstakhs*, and up sides of houses,
21. making way for their betters; . . .
22. when the dwellers on opposite sides of
23. the Tchéanul, the players of *bridj*
24. and the makers of *bhulvarz*, the
25. Biftéks and the Phrögiz, went in for
26. the Ontont-kordiyál *et-settrah*
27. and loved one another with
28. *almozd-nurotikhli-phrenzid-afek-shan*;
29. When *afabul-tóriz* from Balam-anishar
30. walked about *ahminahm* with *soshalizd-djonniz*
31. of *forrin-ekstrakshun* (in *traikala-sashiz*) . . .
32. in fact *communed* with them . . .
33. making *phibulr-imákz* in a language they fondly
34. imagined their guests would (—shade of Littreh forgive me!)
35. —“*komprennih*” . . . “*Regardih-sett-plasslar*
36. *Sehlur - manshanous - stéshan*.” (“*Ahvrémon*
37. *mondýöh kersejóli*!”) “*Oratha! O-wi! Yes*,
38. we think so.—*Prennihgád-dellur-tramkar!*”
39. *et-settrah, et-settrah*; . . . and doing their best
40. with a *takhthul-islanted-ambrela*
41. to cut off the view of the statue
42. of Nelsun, so as not to recall that
43. extremely unpleasant affair at
44. *Traf-al-gar!*
45. In the days of Horlkehn and of Mahrik-orélih
46. (*relidjan-kum-laimlaít-kum-Djordj-al-eksander*
47. and *ammatur-sérmunz* from Sdrad-fad-onévan,
48. —bruted broadcast beforehand with methods they
49. borrowed from Lhiptan and Kódi, —not to name certain
50. *ensaikloh-pidyaz* and *mhít-jús*)
51. of Djordjb-urnad-Shah, Kapentommi, and Uinstan;
52. the great Shuvmenébar, whose eye looks through
53. crystal, the lord of the Tariffs, the
54. settler of colleagues, the lord of Jo-jitsu, of
55. Hammür and Dukkim, of Chivvi
56. and Chukkum, and Djossul-milidah,
57. did snatch up the banner with sinewy
58. fingers, and summoned all Izpals to follow
59. instantan, — sublimely ignoring poor dear
60. Arthab-al-phur, who'd a quaint *pridilekshan*

61. for taking the bulk of his troops along
 62. with him . . . to battle, and meeting the foe man
 63. with most of them
 64. present! . . . Shuvmenébar's *stratidjik-el-methad*
 65. was diff'rent.
 66. Give him nine or ten horsemen like Orstin
 67. and Djessi, Hauad-vinsent and Tchaplín,
 68. Ghilbát-parkah, and others, he'd hurl
 69. himself headlong, with gleaming *monókul*
 70. on Kamm-el-banraman, on Asguith-theloryah
 71. (whose glacially cold unimpassioned employment
 72. of *ekaréz* and *skalpel*
 73. seemed to get on the nerves of the great
 74. Shuvmenébar, . . . he really got *shirti*h and
 75. talked about "manners" and seemed almost sorry
 76. to mention a vulgar, professional person who fell so
 77. far short of the recognised standard of decent
 78. behaviour as known in the Midlands.
 79. Then dear Arthab-al-phur
 80. more in sorrow than anger
 81. found this *justabhit-tu-thikh*! . .
 82. and started to pack up his books and
 83. his *musikh*,—his Bākh and his Shūman,—
 84. his *shenék-h-tedip-uttah*
 85. and the *restav-ishaggidj*, then,
 86. tipping the butler, he promptly vacated
 87. the somewhat constricted, *rait-hon-rabul* lodgings
 88. allotted to premiers; while
 89. Kamm-el-banraman, advancing elated
 90. with a snatch of a *slogan*, a swing of his
 91. kilt, a skirl of his sporran (I hope
 92. that is roughly what people in Stirling
 93. do do with their sporrans!) . .
 94. he planted his battle-worn, trusty
 95. claymore in the stand in the hall where a certain
 96. historic umbrella had rested aforetimes,
 97. and as soon as the butler had shut the
 98. front-door, the gallant Banraman did give
 99. himself over to *strathspeys*, *scho-tisches*
 100. *skean-dhūs*, and well! all those
 101. exuberant symptoms of pleasure
 102. that Scotchmen indulge in, . . . on the

103. *dhürmat*s and *karpets*, up and down the

104. *sterkésiz*. Well! I'm sure I don't
 105. wonder,—he's waited such ages.
 E. T. R.



AN AWFUL WARNING.

MEN OF THE STRAPHANGING AGE.
 (From a Print of the Period, 1905.)

DREAM CORRESPONDENCE; OR, "LETTERS WHICH NEVER REACHED THEM."

I.
 (From Mr. Chamberlain to Mr. Balfour.)

MY DEAR ARTHUR,—I have just read B. of B.'s speech at Glasgow, and hasten to associate myself with its sentiments. What he says about your penetrating loyalty strikes me as peculiarly happy, and I cordially agree with him when he says that you are the only possible leader of the Conservative Party. I cannot give a better proof of the genuineness of these sentiments than by informing you that it is my intention at an early date to appear on the same platform with HUGH CECIL and RITCHIE. RITCHIE, I admit, is rather hard to swallow, but at this Christmas season it is only right that one should practise a thorough-going altruism,

Ever cordially yours,
 JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

P.S.—I played my first game of golf in the garden at Highbury yesterday. As AUSTEN humorously remarked, I am not at all a bad player "through the green(house)."

II.

(From Mr. J. Redmond to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.)

DEAR SIR HENRY,—You will, I am sure, be relieved to hear that on second thoughts the Nationalist Party have decided to withdraw from the attitude outlined at the Convention of the United Irish League. On further consideration we have unanimously decided that it would be most unfair to expect a Liberal Administration, returned with a Free Trade mandate, to bring in any sort of Home Rule Bill. In evidence of my friendly feelings I am venturing to send you a Christmas present of a barrel of Guinness's Stout and an Irish grammar.

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN REDMOND.

III.

(From Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to Mr. Winston Churchill.)

DEAR MR. CHURCHILL,—I trust you will see your way to join my Administration as Secretary of State for War. It is imperatively necessary that we should keep a tight hand on KITCHENER, and you are the only man to do it. Otherwise I should have preferred to offer you the Chancellorship of the Exchequer or the Foreign Office. Perhaps, however, you could manage to take all three?

Obediently yours,

HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

IV.

(From G. Bernard Shaw to the Hon. Stephen Coleridge.)

DEAR MR. COLERIDGE,—*Peccavi!* My letter to the *Neue Freie Presse* was a grand mistake; even worse was my attempt to palliate my initial error by throwing the blame on the German translator. After all, we are both sound on the question of vivisection, so I trust you will let bygones be bygones, and accept the enclosed order for a box at the Court Theatre.

Yours penitently, G. B. S.

To satisfy a general demand for a compact list of Turkish territories at present occupied, or about to be occupied, by the Concerted Fleets, Mr. Punch has pleasure in publishing the following mnemonic hexameter, modelled upon the famous list of the reputed birthplaces of HOMER:—
 Smyrna, Rhodos, Colophon, Lemnos,
 Tenedos, Mitylene.

"And we had a rattlin' day."

(Extract from the "Bolton Daily Chronicle,"
 December 4, 1905.)

THE Holcombe Harriers ran from the White Horse, Edgworth, on Saturday afternoon, under the Master, who was supported in the saddle by several members of the regular riding party.

UN-COMMON-LAW PROCEDURE.

["His Honour's Test.—The question whether it was possible for a man to pick up his hat without bending his knees arose in the Nottingham County Court. To test the matter the judge made an experiment and was successful in picking up his handkerchief from the floor without bending his knees. On a lawyer suggesting that his Honour had not kept his knees rigid the judge performed the feat again."—*Evening Standard.*]

Before Mr. Justice DARING.

Mr. Skill, K.C. (an amateur acrobat and counsel for plaintiff). This is an action for personal injuries caused by the plaintiff falling over a bucket on defendant's staircase. It is agreed that the only questions to be decided, are: first, was the plaintiff guilty of contributory negligence in descending, three steps at a time; secondly, is his present inability to turn a back-somersault evidence of his spine having been injured as we allege? The test in both questions is the ease with which these feats can be performed by a person in ordinary condition.

The Judge. Was not the first question settled in the negative by my Brother BUCKJUMPER in *Tripp v. Stumble?* (To the Usher) Get me Chitty on *Frauds and Tricks*.

Mr. Skill. Yes, m'lud, but in deciding that case his lordship broke his leg, and I do not rely upon it.

The Judge. But was it not followed in *Cropper's* case?

Mr. Skill. No, m'lud; all that that case decided was that a person with his heels to a wall is estopped from picking up a coin from the ground. The judge also demonstrated, as a *dic'tum*, that a person whose left heel and cheek abut

upon a wall has no power to raise his right leg. The cases, m'lud, are collected on page 30 of *Farrell on Powers*. Now, m'lud, here is a full-size model of the staircase, and, as your ludship will observe (mounting the stairs and jumping down three steps at a time), nothing—could—be—simply—(slips and descends to bottom with a run)—er—er—r—r—r—r!

Mr. Wily, K.C. (for defendant). I ask your lordship to take a note of that.

Mr. Skill (rising and examining stairs). Also, m'lud, of the fact that the twelfth step has been greased.

The Judge. I will. Now for your second point.

Mr. Skill. May it please your ludship. (Stands on desk and executes a back-somersault.) That is my case, m'lud. (Loud and continued cheering.) I must

ask you to excuse me, Ladies and Gentlemen, as I have a turn to do in the Appeal Court in two minutes.

The Judge. Now, Mr. Wily.

Mr. Wily. M'lud, as to the first point I simply rely on my friend's own demonstration. As to the second, I submit that not one man in a thousand can turn a somersault, and it was decided in *Overanover's* case that a person's inability to do so was not evidence of any physical defect.

The Judge. I fancy that the judge in *Overanover's* case only demonstrated that point by way of an *encore*, which I am not bound to follow, especially after Mr. Skill's express feat to the contrary. However (rising and disrobing) we'll see.



SIMPLE SAYINGS FOR THE SILLY.

BAD AS IT IS TO BE FAWNED UPON, IT IS BETTER THAN TO BE BITTEN.

(To the Usher) Hold my wig a moment. [Essays a back-somersault and is carried out of court insensible.]

(Twenty minutes later.)

¶ The Associate (speaking with much emotion). His lordship's last words were, "Judgment for the defendant, with costs on the higher scale."

ILLUSTRIOUS INANITIES.

["The Emperor of RUSSIA is reported to have said to Count Witte: 'We are living in stirring times.'"—*Daily News*, December 7.]

THE utterance of soul-shaking verities is not the monopoly of Continental potentates. By means of inquiries conducted in a variety of quarters, Mr. Punch has been enabled to glean a goodly crop of wise, pregnant, and caustic sayings

which have emanated from the lips of prominent public men in this country.

Perhaps the most impressive of all these weighty observations was that which Mr. BALFOUR is asserted to have let fall last Saturday morning at the close of a long conversation with his Private Secretary. "If I am not mistaken," said the outgoing Premier, "to-morrow will be Sunday." Mr. SANDARS, a man of great perspicacity, is understood to have signified his acceptance and endorsement of this momentous proposition.

Hardly less striking in its grasp of the essential facts of the situation is the remark which is credibly attributed to Mr. CHAMBERLAIN on learning of Mr.

BALFOUR's resignation. With an inimitable gesture the ex-Colonial Secretary—so we are assured by an informant whose cousin married the niece of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's coachman—turned to his son and said, "Well, well. We shall see what we shall see."

Mr. HENRY CHAPLIN, as is well known, has a great reputation for concise and epigrammatic comment. But he has seldom equalled and never surpassed the felicitous phrase in which he summed up the true inwardness of the present crisis. "If only, as I have every reason to hope and believe, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN ultimately succeeds in convincing the entire electorate of the necessity of his policy, the success of Tariff Reform will be virtually assured."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, who inherits the gift of trenchant speech from his father, Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, is alleged to have created a profound impression at a recent meeting in Manchester by observing,

in tones charged with emotional intensity, "We are on the eve, I may say we are on the brink, of a General Election."

Lord CURZON, whose speedy return to the arena of active politics is confidently expected by his numerous readers, signified his arrival in England by an observation teeming with transcendent significance. A few days after reaching London he was walking down Pall Mall when he chanced to meet an old acquaintance. We have it on the authority of the crossing-sweeper in Waterloo Place, who witnessed the *rencontre*, that Lord CURZON without a moment's hesitation greeted his friend with the poignant *cri de cœur*, "Well, I suppose there's no place like home, as the saying is."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

WHERE did Mr. WELLS acquire the intimate acquaintance with life behind the counter in a draper's shop graphically portrayed in *Kipps* (MACMILLAN)? There is something about it recalling the intensity of CHARLES DICKENS's narrative of boyhood's days in the blacking factory that suggests it is autobiographical. The story of *Kipps's* schooldays is also so vivid that my Baronite is constrained to the belief that Cavendish Academy, its principal, and the young gentlemen educated by him, in some modified form actually existed. It is not alone in respect of suspicion of incorporating autobiography with fiction that the author of *Kipps* makes one think of the author of *David Copperfield*. DICKENS has found innumerable imitators, successful chiefly in producing echoes of his more boisterous manner. Whilst free from imitative effort, Mr. WELLS has much of that humour, high spirits and daring fancy that, exercised by the Great Master, still delight mankind. *Kipps* himself, an illiterate youth, to whom there unexpectedly comes a legacy of "twelve fousand pounds," is a character so skilfully drawn through varying circumstances that he is never inconsistent with his introduction as "a simple soul." Mr. *Chester Coote* is excellent, and so, in quite another way, is *Chitterlow* the dramatist, who at length turns up trumps and makes lavish return to *Kipps* for a loan bestowed in darker days. The story rattles along with unfailing vigour, taking unexpected turns that maintain interest to the last.

Maitland Major and Minor (HEINEMANN), by CHARLES TURLEY.

Boys, if you wish to let your fathers know
The path in which a parent ought to go;
Parents, if you would give your growing boys
Something to crown all other Christmas joys;
Masters, if you would learn unwritten rules
Touching the etiquette of private schools;
And, General Public, would you ease your brain
And for one careless day be young again;—
To each and all of you I say, "Go early
And buy the latest tome by Mr. TURLEY."
This is no amateur: there's not a doubt
He knows his tricky subject inside out;
Here is no maudlin tale (it's much too big)
Of virtue championed by the hero-prig;
The boy who tells it, on his proper hook,
Talks like a boy and never like a book;
Nor lets his humour range one little bit
Beyond the natural bounds of boyish wit;
I've seldom sampled better stuff or saner,
So says the Baron's Nautical Retainer.

In *The Art of Portrait Painting* (CASSELL) the Hon. JOHN COLLIER has made one of those incursions into the sister-kingdom of literature so dear to the heart of an artist. He justifies a rather ambitious title by including a learned, brightly-written, and discriminating survey of the work of the great portrait-painters written some years ago. Some of his opinions make one lift one's eyebrows, as for instance where he ascribes the fading of a Leonardo da Vinci portrait to "his pernicious habit of glazing thinly over a preparation in monochrome." The illustrations are in most cases well-chosen and well-printed. Some of those printed in colour, notably the MILLAIS portrait of "Miss Tennant" and ORCHARDSON's "Viscount Peel," are as near perfection as possible. Each of them is well worth the price of the whole volume, and the "Lord Peel" should be possessed by every Parliamentarian. The book contains most valuable hints for the art student.

There are two delightful little kittens on the first page of *Pussy's Mixture* (E. NISTER); but the very best illustration of all, and we haven't seen one with more real go in it for some

time, is on the title page at the very commencement of the book. Don't miss it. It's "The Cat and the Fiddle." The *Postcard Book* from same firm is a novel idea. Dainty are *Pansies for Thoughts* and *Forget-me-nots for Remembrance*.

In a handy volume Mr. SEYMOUR LLOYD writes about *Elections, and How to Fight Them* (VACHER). The book comes out opportunely when the country is on the eve of what promises to be a historic struggle at the poll. In chatty manner, lucid phrase, Mr. LLOYD gives practical hints relating to the preliminaries of the struggle. Almost everything a candidate should know with respect to the business in which he is embarked, is here set forth. The Appendix contains a summary of the sections hidden away in the Corrupt Practices Acts relating to the conduct and management of elections. Having learned all this handy book tells him, the honest candidate can go ahead, none daring to make him afraid.

Since *Alice* wandered through Wonderland no such pretty fairy tale has been written as Lady RIDLEY presents in the *Sparrow with the White Feather* (SMITH, ELDER). The sparrow, grateful for kindness received in early youth, conducts little *Jean* to Fairyland, leaving her at the entrance to the glow-worm-lit tunnel that leads to the demesne, for it appears nor sparrows nor other birds are permitted to enter. What *Jean* sees and hears is narrated in fashion of fascinating simplicity. The book, which is illustrated by Mrs. ADRIAN HOPE, is primarily designed for children. My Baronite testifies it may be read with delight by grown-ups.

Virtue is its own reward. This one work, *The Art Journal* for 1905, is VIRTUE (& Co.)'s own reward for the continued success of the series founded in 1839. It is a handsome volume, and some handsome people in it too, commencing with a delightful portrait of "MARY" (evidently the MARY of "MARY MARY, Quite Contrairy," which will strike you at once, as would *she*, if when she were alive you examined her face too closely) sent by Mr. JOHN LAVERY to the Autumn Salon in Paris. Then look at JOHN TAYLOR's portrait of *Joan Nixon*, very witchlike, book in hand, and peaked hat on head. No relation presumably to the "Red-faced Nixon" mentioned by Sam Weller. The picture is delightful. In the literary accompaniment to this volume there are most interesting articles, long and short, by SIDNEY COLVIN, CLAUDE PHILLIPS, A. G. WEBSTER, PAUL WATERHOUSE, and others.

Brief as this notice must necessarily be, neither the delicate reproduction of THEODORE ROUSSEAU's *Forêt de Fontainebleau*, nor the delightful "Gossips" of SYLVIVS D. PAOLETTI, must be omitted from our general laudation.

The Face of Juliet, by L. T. MEADE (JOHN LONG). Would not the impressionable *Romeo* have been bothered entirely had *Juliet* possessed a twin sister! He would have sung, *con amore*, "How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away!" The reader of this novel will appreciate the applicability of this familiar quotation. But further than this the Baron, who knows the secret, may not go. He strongly advises his friends and followers to look into *The Face of Juliet*, and to hold it before their eyes until they shall have learnt what *Juliet's* mother has to impart. The story is well and clearly told, the scenes are dramatic, the descriptions graphic, and there is not a page that would warrant calling in the aid of a professional skipper.

